at a Modern Canadian Track

BY GERALD BEAUMONT. Writer of Stirring Tales of the Racing Horses.

down the avenue of whitewashed narily the Kid would have been a stalls, shimmering in the warm Ken-little cautious about picking a Southtucky moonlight, a banjo strummed plaintively. Snowball, lazy as a orocodile, was singing to the queen of the Southern three-year-olds: It rained all night the day I left:
The weather it was dry.
The sun so hot I from to death—
Suzanna, don't you cry!

Oh, Suzanna, don't you cry for me.
I've come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee:

* * * *

wrapped the Latonia course in a mantle of witchcraft.

The night wore on, and the Information Kid. busted and supperless, slumbered uneasily. Finally Snowball sought his blankets and Susanna ceased her restless stamping.

four white stockings and a blazed ginla's daughter at the wire. Five face. She was by Duke of Charlestown out of the great mare Dawn o' Virginia. She was the swiftest and most conscientious little piece of Lorseflesh that ever sprang into action when the starter yelled: "Come

"But," old Snowball used to say, "Ah never did see in all mah bawn days such a chil' for notions. Wouldn't have nothin' to do what sumeveh with Missy Sue today 'cause Major's daughter done wore a silk skirt what rustled. No, sir, and thar ain't nobuddy can give Susanna apples, ner sugar, ner candy—jes' to-matoes. Man, does y' all give her a tomato, she am yo' lily love, for a fac' Sho' am de beatines' baby Ah ever sees in mah whole endurin' life!

Susanna's sire had a twelve-cylinder motor under his ribs, but he was a wolf at the post, and caused more trouble to the starting crew than a nest of hornets. The Duke was all buildog, and once he took it into his head to run, he was off like a flash; and he finished with the throttle wide open, neither knowing nor caring where the wire was. He developed naturally into a very uncertain betting proposition, and finally was retired to the farm.

Dawn o' Virginia was just as high-strung, but of a different tempera-Susanna's mother had to be eased away from the post with a silk glove, and permitted to select her own sweet pace and route, the latter usually one position from the She declined absolutely to run on anything but a fast track, and went without food for forty-eight hours on one occasion because Maj. his ear and had to be sent away to a specialist. Not until her canine pai was back in his accustomed box in her stall did the mare bend head to the feed-box.

But with all the peculiarities of her disposition, there was a gallant heart in the bosom of the Virginia matron. This the Information Kid remembered, for he was present at Lexington when the mare was kicked at the post in a mile race for horses of all ages. A two-year-old with eighty pounds on his back beat her by a whisker at the wire, and the veterinarian reported to her owner, Maj. Arlington, that Dawn o' Virginia had suffered a green-tree fracture of the radical bone of the right foreleg, and had really finished on to the cashiers: three hoofs and her golden heart. So she also was retired, and a few years later Susanna, her daughter. appeared as the glory of the southern circuit.

If there was one thing more than tomatoes that Susanna liked, it was to romp under the wire first, and then go back to the stables and dance. had carned her brackets. Then it took all hands and the cook to bandage her, cool her out and lay her away-for Susanna knew when she had won, and her dance of victory was the anotheosis of conine elation needing only the final spanking from Snowball, and at night the twanking of the banto, and the distant murmur of darky stable hands gathered under a lantern outside Johnny Whicker's room, and coaning the ivories:

"Eight's man point, and An lets it Throw it down, nigger, throw it down! Six and two is eight, and way. Five and three, five and three five and three, wh'a is yo'? Five and three, come to yo' daddy; five and three-and Ah spits all ovah yo'

Thus was Susanna soothed.

Now the major's horses always ran in the money, and he always ran out of it; wherefore his debts became oppressive, and it was a case of either sell Susanna or relinquish the last hold on the family home in Virginia. He offered the filly at private ion, and shuddered when he learned that the man who took Susanne at thousand dollars was an agent tor Bart Nixon gambler and fat as-

But the deal had been made, and just as pretty as ever." Nixon ordered the filly shipped to Canada so that he could be a win-ning owner and strut around Dominion Springs with men who despised tucky tracks closed, went the Information Kid, because Dominion high priest at what he called a "pig-

he was accustomed to say, "I want in his direction. Her graceful the old lady to get a real kick out of it. She's been waiting ten years to somewhere in the depths of the Kid's see her baby boy, and, believe me, strange soul something flutteredshe's entitled to a front seat when the as though the Lord of Three Worlds

hig show comes off."

RAISE be to Allah, the Benef tank-roll after he had been in Dominic icent King, Lord of the Three icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the Three icent King, Lord of the Three icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the Three icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the King to a little stur- icent King to a little stur- icent King to a little stur- icent King, Lord of the Kin whiskers, and permitted the copy of "The Arabian Night" to slip from his fingers. The light from the little coal-oil lamp winked at the ragged volume open to the story of the sad on hunored and twelve by the provided at the ragged princess who never laughed. Far gown the avenue of whitewashed on the avenue of whitewashed stalls, shimmering in the warm Ken-Japan in the guise of soy-bean oil; side of the track and in fifth place. ern horse to win at Dominion Springs and across his mind flashed the grim the first-furlong pole when Susanna or a genie, and say: 'Too-lie-woolie, There's nothing in Canada that will hunch that Nixon's colors spelled was being led back to the stable, abracadabra!' Then you'd see her lead Susanna to the wire." uered to have both the class and the the end of Susanna's dancing.
"It' a gypsy curse, all right," he speed of the field, and the Kid appreclated that her owner was eager to

capitalize his investment. It needed shivered. "straight from No. 13 only the spectacle of the fat gambler Queer street, I've seen that look in openly playing his new acquisition a horse's eyes before, and it's slow

The filly's eyes were large with dance!" terror, and under the blanket every Henr The filly's

The Information Kid was down at waiting for a prince to come along, races have just been pipe-openers

silken muscle was quivering. There "Shouldn't wonder if you were pered. was no pride in the curve of her right, kid," he grunted, "and, strike But the Information Kid made

The gambler wrote out a check and a banjo:

"Now," he instructed, "you take

Nixon as first payment on Susanna. who does. All I ask is that you tell reople you've sent her away for a away. rest and if I give you the word, you pay her starting-fee in the stakes."

"What are you going to do with

"Take her on the tracks and keep her a week ahead of the circuit. When they're running at Blue Heather, she'll be working at Kensington; when they move on to Kenthe stakes." * * * *

the Kid's shoulder:

"Son, you're not keeping your ear as close to the ground as usual. Torpington stables yesterday, and of the stall. that's the horse that has the Domin-

came from the Black Sophia family; "Sir Barry will go out in front and Susanna traced her line clear back set the pace," said the bookmaker, ment, and that is something is not to be understood save by people like old Maj. Arlington, or Snowball, or race a field of ten starters, but it's really

dead geese."

cine.

here, Susanna and I are going away on a honeymoon." * * * *

CUSANNA and the Information Kid use risking too much." were quartered at the deserted Blue Heather track. The same night and he admitted it a moment later. impossible. Susanna had danced at cial consignment of medicine based the mere sight of a man who cared upon an Arabian Night's prescription. nothing for her, and the Kid's hunch
The days passed. The bang-tails
that he himself was to be the fairy
moved on to Blue Heather. Kensingat Grace Arbor? Rubbed horses for ton, and then Grace Arbor. No one Jockey Schreiber and collected the

> filly that's breaking watches just nose and in Nixon's own book. It shead of us? Guy down at the hotel that don't put the old oofty-good on last night said he saw some baby Sir Barry you can sell me to the work six furlongs in one-twelve and undertaker." three-fifths, at Kensington, with a

he commented, "that's flying! The Into Dominion Springs streamed the guy was crasy. Kensington is a dead thousands to witness the renewal of around here that can step that fast." stop-watches in hand. Down the Susanna breezed six furlongs and back-stretch a horse broke into full then retired to her stall, to be rub-

thumbs. "Sir Barry, ain't it?" queried the Rat. "Whoops, muh dear, lookit that thing turn loose! Guess he ain't on way into the betting ring when the razor edge. There's a race horse!" Sir Barry flashed past, and they Dominion stakes.

looked at their watches.
"Wow!" exclaimed the Rat. "Twen-corded ty-three and one-fifth, forty-seven favorite, of course-1 to 2. and one-fifth, and with his mouth odds will lengthen on the filly in a open; I'll say that bird is ready!"

No one ever knew what it cost the very last." Information Kid to tear himself away for thirty days from the game he pecket was a \$100 bill and it was loved. But You McIvor guessed the sum total of his available wealth. a little of the truth, after he ran across Maj. Robert Arlington in the clothy at his companion' lobby of the Dominion Springs Hotel "Pipe what's coming off!

thought you were in Kentucky, Glad 'Rah for old Kentucky!"

Maj. Bob, "and Ah have the hone" to deliberately sponge out that 1-to-2 request yo' presence tonight at a ve'y price on the favorite and chalk up price on the favorite and chalk up odds that were certain to make him

maker, and threw one arm sound in the control of friend's shoulders. "I clean forgot the little filly was born at Arlington, and raised under the colors of a gentleman. I see it all colors of a gentleman is a seen in the wheat pit. No other book dared to follow his lead. "They'll make him take it down," or led the Kid. "He can't stand off now. That's what our young friend that mob!"

meant by sending to Latonia for But this was one time when the from Kaintuck jes't see whut done ail his honey gal. Does yo' love yo medicine. Susanna was lovesick for Kid underestimated the handsome Maj. Bob, and the Kid guessed it. gentleman from Kentucky. Over the daddy. Susanna? Whoa, hawss! back, she plunged-nuzzling at the Whoa, er Ah'll bus' yo' from heah ter You've cured her, major-I can see swirling mass of humanity that it in your eye!"

give the whole of Viginia if an rings! Forty to fifty Sir Barry—could cure that little filly, but y'all and you? Twelve hundred to fifteen do me too much hono', suh-too much hundred-Sir Barry. And you? Forty hono'. It's my niggahs that Susanna thousand to fifty thousand-Sir "Niggers?"

voice of Snowball and the twang of

Oh. Susanna, don't yo' cry foh me, Ah's come from Alabama, Wif mah banjo on mah kase:

In a double stall with only a low

"Roll dem dice hot, boy; how come you try an' lay 'em down?" Reckon ah shoots a dollah; showah

"Shake 'em dice, boy; how come dey's so quiet?" . . "Mah soul, snake eyes! Ah reads ace and deuce

A lump rose in the throat of And sington; when they move on to Ken-sington she'll be galloping at Grace for the stage director of this strange

THE big bookmaker signed. Under a mask of urbanity and non-chalance, he felt the strain of thirty the anchor. Susanna is back in form years spent in the hectic whirl of the and I'm out on my feet, but-oh, boy

Stakes would attract the best three- ginia's daughter with shrewd eyes, year-olds in Canada, and he had and saw that Susanna was indeed in seen Susanna dropping steadily below racing fettle. She was at least fifty her form. He put a paternal hand on pounds heavier. Her delicate fores legs stamped restlessly.

The Information Kid nodded to-Nixon bought Sir Barry out of the ward a little negro asleep in a corner

would have the stamina, Susanna the eyed world he'll show them other speed; what about class? Sir Barry jocks the shortest way to the wire."

to Herod II. That was the cold "and Susanna likes to go out there "dope." But there was another angle, too; one or the other will crack under Susanna had the Virginia tempera-

track hustlers who fall for the Ara-only a two-horse race—Susanna and bian nights.

she'll be 50 to 1 in the betting, and show you how to cover this lawn with an Arlington horse, and they may be cuckoo, Mac, but give 'em their

"Medicine?"
on her yourself, I suppose," he said.
"Ye-ah, from Latonia; when it gets "Guess you're about stranded. How

he dismissed, "I've been milking you enough. I don't want no more-no

silver to bring these coons up here."

"Thirty to one on Susanna." re-

The major was silent. In his vest The Information Kid clutched sudhis companion's sleeve. the night before the big race.
"Why, major:" cried McIvor. "I Mac is going to string with Susanna.

"My compliments to you, suh," said first to see the Kentucky bookmaker

crazily, for the sad little princess the face.

was at the gates of Paradise, the "By jove, suh!" he exclaimed, "Ah'd "Four to five Sir Barry till the belt"

"Niggahs, suh—plain black Vi'ginia The Information Kid waxed weak niggahs! The same lazy rascals that in the knees and clung to Maj.

ALLEN. straight on the nose to remove the poison. That hip stuff goes for Sweeney. Yes, bo, Susanna's a sick last doubt from the Kid's mind. A ND in the third stall from the right Susanna herself listened contentedly to the serenade, while from the heavens from high in the heavens the herse in the heavens the herse in the heavens the hea Luna, from high in the heavens, on the cushions. They'll have to get sang his customary alto to the landout search warrants for the rest of lady's "O Promise Me!" Upstairs in the field when Susanna turns loose." But this is the story of the sad little princess who did not dance. Susanna led most of the journey like a wash-day long shot, but halfway up the stretch she appeared to tire, Susanna was a stender, golden and after a flerce drive Arbutus got chestnut filly of aristocratic lines, with up in time to nad out Dawn o' Virreply. He was staring in mystifica not to leave her.

> Susanna, ridden by the rheumatic Snowball, was coming down the stretch at a thousand to one.

"Guess I need some of old Doc Kel-

to part from "a century."
"Guess I'll have to turn dish-I'd better ramble down to the stalls

go hungry, though I'll tell the wide world it's a sloppy profession.' But opposite the Turf Exchange the Kid bumped into a new arrival, "And You" McIvor, Kentucky bookmaker, and the most polished Chesterfield of

betting ring. "Hail, Columbus!" shouted the Kid. "Now I know how the old bird felt when he sighted land. A hundred dollars. Mac, and I'm yours for the sea-

son. Quick, before I eat up your cuff buttons." Molvor smiled and reached for his wallet. Many a time in the old days at New Orleans and in Kentucky he had staked the Information Kid and

profited by the transaction. "The pleasure is mine, son," he asing her a swell ride. Susanna is a sured him now, and handed over a for something, and if I knew what Kid's heart. roll of bills. "What's on your mind?" "Ham and eggs right now," the Kid answered. "Later on I've got some poison to unload. If you're going to

> Egypt. alone was worth ten times the sum he had just advanced.

'here's another one to stick in the old hatband - next time Susanna starts take their money till the bell rings, and don't weaken. McIvor fingered the white carnation

to do just the opposite, son. What's wrong? The Kid eved his friend soberly. "I

dance again. Tell you what, Mac-"You have my best regards, and first time you get a chance to lamp a matically workout watch the way she pulls up two bits I'd knock you into the middle When a filly is on edge and full of tinued to sanna does. If you'll listen to me, the

little girl is sick." "More likely she's shot her bolt." the Virginia star would never wear McIvor deliberated. "The history of racing-plates again. She had internal

"Not the Virginia line," the Kid scowled at this explanation and confillies." that runs. Excuse me, Mac; I got but the appearance of a fary prince

every time.

The Information Kid shook himself and grinned not uncheerfully.

"Ruined again," he sighed. "I was a book not to pay up my board bill while I had a chance. Susanna must to part from "a century."

One after another he checked off his some greasy slob will walk forward with a gat. Bang:—and the glue works. Gee, what a finish for a "That ain't no dinge. I'm telling you he's a prince. I read about it in washer," sighed the Kid. "There's one the ring, and McIvor beckened to the low-down just this morning. thing about pearl divers-they don't him. The bookmaker had followed Nixon is trying to unload Susanna on

> loping the filly, and he's gone down below?" to the barns with a veterinarian. See what you can find out."

in Susanna's eyes. it was, I'd get it for her, even if it

word to his friends. But the Information Kid had called

examined Susanna and none could diagnose her ailment. Dawn o' an't quite dope it out, but I'm afraid the major's little go-getter will never golden-chestnut limbs with the white stockings moved only autoexercise. Susanna was tinued to revolve other theories in his favor. run she don't pull up the way Su- but the appearance of a fairy prince Knights of the rag spread the tip straight from the fodder troughs that

"SUH," THE MAJOR BEGAN, AND HIS VOICE BROKE. HE TURNED TO SNOWBALL: "STOP YO' GRINNING, YO' BLACK RASCAL! YO' HEA' ME?"

Not a hundred feet away, Bart magic pages of the Arabian Nights. of Susanna's slig figure.

Nixon was waddling along a tanbark

The Kid's lips buttoned, and his path that skirted the stalls, and by to sleep it was to dream that a genie with a red beard had presented him a magic dancing powder, and that was but the first of her triumphs, and of dark velvet. Across the bosom of the Information Kid had played her his frock coat flashed a row of leweled decorations. One hand swung

"Oh, Daddy!" he breathed. "Look

you he's a prince. I read about it in He tramped disconsolately back to the paper. Jakey Schultz gave me the Kid's advice and had bet the his Royal Nibs at a fancy price. He's followers of Susanna to a standstill give it out that they been pulling the filly-get me? fist fight back of the stands," con- of us to pick up a little change by spilling the beans. Are you ready

> "Oh, shut up," censured the Kid. "Look, they're going to bring Susanna out. Let's go over and get an earful."

Jim Whalen, Prince Kolhapur, and ocks told. Whalen about the filly members of the latter's party were being daft over tomatoes, and he awainting the appearance of the filly. ordered a basket of them. All she Presently a groom approached leaddid was back away. There's no ing the daughter of Dawn o' Virginia. veterinarian going to cure that look The quiet dignity with which Su-in Susanna's eyes. She's just beggin' sanna conducted herself struck at the

"She's past caring what happens," he muttered. "Henry, if your canni-

McIvor nodded, aware that this tip thirty pounds below form had made her in line with the ruler of seven a difference in his favor of \$50,000 million people. The prince advanced His chief concern was to make sure confidently and placed a firm ebony hand on the halter of the sad little princess who did not dance. Then a soon as the price-layers grew care- very strange thing happened. Dawn less, and Bart Nixon slipped the right o' Virginia's daughter flung up her head and stared at Prince Haider All his cotton shirt. Chuckling with Kolhapur. Delicate ears flexed forthe turn. One after another, as the days went by, skilled veterinarians in the lustrous eves: a white plush in the lustrous eyes; a white plush muzzle stretched timidly toward the royal face; and with a shrill whimper of equine ecstasy, Susanna reared up and pawed the air. Forward and first time you get a chance to lamp a matically in the hopeless early shoulder of the heaven-born, striving de Promised Land!" with unmaidenly squeals to win his

his companion.

"My cats!" he gasped. "Do you with stove-polish on his face. wear see what I do?" "She's dancin', all right," Henry slim figure once more in

The frock-coated potentate re-

tion at the Virginia thoroughbred; and Susanna in turn had her lovely eyes riveted beseechingly on Prince Kolhapur, as though imploring him The sportsman from the far east

hesitated a moment and then rendered the imperial verdict. splendid filly, Mr. Nixon, a credit to our stable, I am sure-but far too delicate for such a long journey. If you don't mind I'll take a look at your stallions." Ten minutes later Susanna was turned out to pasture in a field just back of the Torpington stables. On

his way to the track restaurant the Information Kid paused for another puzzled look at the daughter of Dawn o' Virginia. The filly was standing disconsolately at the barred gate, mournful eyes turned toward the road down which the prince had The Kid tossed fretfully on his cot that night, staring up into the dark-

ness and arguing that the thing was prince who would lift the spell was

dough. The big black---" And then he sat bolt upright, galvanized by the shock of sudden in-

spiration "Oh, Susanna!" he cried. "I've got you! I win the pup with the screw tail! Twenty minutes for a new book, gents; and-believe me or no -Susanna and I are going to take you all to the cleaners!"

EARLY the following morning a strange apparition glided from ture gate. It was the figure of a slim youth, attired after the manner of a stable roustabout. Face and Rat. hands were the color of a first-class brand of stove polish, but back of the ears the skin showed no traces of African origin and the battered hat was pulled closely down over sandy hair. The visitor sprawled lazily against the gate and Susanna tossed her head and stared at him. Presently a drawling voice floated toward the sad little princess. It held a thousand memories of the southland in its musical inflection.

"Land o' Goshen; if tha' ain't Susanna! Wha' y'all been honey chil'? Come on ova heah, Babe, till Ah sees loes y'all want a tomato for breakfast. Yah, yah, yah! Sho' am de

Dejection dropped from the goldenhestnut frame of Susanna. Dawn Verginia's daughter danced joy-The tomato disappeared, and Susanna made a frantic effort to lick the Information Kid's face, and then eat up glee, he held her at bay. "Ain't no way a-tail to treat yo' gen'leman friend," he protested, 'Gen'leman frien' wut's come clear

But Susanna continued to caper

"Buy Susanna for as little down as

The Information Kid clutches at was at the gates of Paradise, the keys to which were held by a youth His gray eyes shining, and his the game is full of great two-yearhemorrhages, they said, and Nixon acknowledged. "Ain't that just what tomed habiliments, the Kid sought olds that falled to carry on, especially was trying to unload her while there you said she'd do if she lamped a out McIvor and went straight to the tomed habiliments, the Kid sought missed!"

reminded him, "all them horses are tinued to revolve other thories in his deep-chested and bred to the purple. Handle 'em right, and they'll the fancy crept into his mind that turned to Bart Nixon. He said in the side in the purple. Handle 'em right, and they'll the fancy crept into his mind that turned to Bart Nixon. He said in the side her and peter and spank. The same lazy rescales that the same lazy rescales the

hundred thousand. If you want fit-teen hundred yourself—" tween the Torpington and Rockaway stables. Luna was again smiling in een hundred yourself—" stables. Luna was again smiling in the heavens, and McIvor caught the

that fifteen hundred and give it to Nixon as first payment on Susanna. Susanna munched contentedly at her Henry the Rat nudged his col- If you don't want to put up the bal- feed, one ear cocked back to catch Henry the Rat squinted up the rail. league. "Ain't that rich?" he whis- ance in thirty days, I'll find some one the familiar murmur that rose from

down, fa'm hands!"

-Lady Luck, don' y'all divo'ce me

Arbor. That will bring her back little drama, and presently the Inof the then Susanna will pay for herself in darkness. There were tired lines in his face, but his eyes were as sharp

betting ring. It was a long time You're going to see a horse race tos since McIvor had read the "Arabian Mights." He knew that the Dordnicn McIvor contemplated Dawn o' Virginia.

"Who's going to ride?" he asked.

"Bubbles will have the leg up. He's ion at his mercy. Better take two Snowball's boy, eighty-five pounds, thousand and treat yourself to a and the tricklest little coon in seven little vacation, son; you're slipping." countles. He and Susanna drink out The Information Kid fumbled for of the same bucket. We've promised a cigarette, lit it, and for a few mo- him a chicken dinner, and a pair of ments smoked silently. Sir Barry yellow shoes, and I'll tell the cock-

"No one is wise that Susanna has "I'll go home after I see Susanna dance her way free from that guy been on a thirty-day honeymoon.

Nixon," averred the kid, "and not beOn the basis of her last performance fore. Don't worry none about me she'll be 50 to 1 in the betting, and slipping. Play Susanna, and I'll no jock will be afraid of her. She's

McIvor capitulated with a shrug, own way and you'll hear the band 'Where do you want her?"

"Old man Humphrey's barn will do. Something of the night's magid I'm wiring tonight for some medi- crept into the soul of the tall Kentuckian. "You'll want to put a bet yourself, I suppose," he said.

much do you want "
The Kid hesitated a moment. "Aw,"

"The big black stiff:" he grunted. the Rat heard a vague rumor, and runs for the first honest-to-goodness the Rat heard a vague rumor, and runs for the first honest-to-goodness "I don't see why she should fall for he spoke to Mose Littleton.

The spoke to Mose Littleton.

Mose grunted. "That ain't working."

DAWN came and brought assurance of fair weather and a fast track, nothin' the famous classic, a mile race for three-year-olds and up, with \$20,000 They were sitting on the top rail, to the winner. Under double wraps behind a corner of the Torpington stride. As he passed the half-mile bed and petted by her dusky barns and shuffled toward the pas- post, the two railbirds deflected their handlers. She had shown nothing to warrant interest among the rails

The Kid and Major Bob edged their first slates were hung up for the

the Kid. "Sir Barry is

casion, suh! Susanna—"
"Great Scott!" exclaimed the bookmaker, and threw one arm about his
maker, and threw one arm about his
maker, and threw one arm about his

Maj. Arlington grew very red in silken voice sounded the challenge

Barry. And you? 'Double it.' the man says, and he's on! And you?"

Mac's bankroll against theirs

ways in which none was his su- banjo string which men call sympaperior, the Kid-achieved a modest thy.

sal. "Any time I want any advice. I'll pay for it. You keep away from Thither, also, when the Keneternal hunch was that some day the of next week." Goddess of Fortune would relent and her sworn servitor would become the feet and looked back. Susanna,

minutes later the ring was strewn

with torn tickets, and the official announcer was giving the familiar O. K. The Information Kid shook himself and grinned not uncheerfully. have been out late last night.

and get an earful of grief." Calm as a nun when going to the post Dawn o' Virginia's daughter was a sight for the gods when Snowball led her back to the barns after she Kid came across a little chestnut filly disconnectably submitting to the discensolately submitting to the cooling-out process. Like most cooling-out process. Like most trainers, Jim Whalen was providing

> "Serves me right for putting a swell-head in the coop," he lamented. T've told that kid till I'm black in the face to ride out his mounts, but any time he gets a few lengths to the good he sits back and picks his under the bat. Anybody could see

jockey:

that she needed rough handling." The Kid lit a cigarette and inhaled thoughtfully.
"Looked to me like Teddy was giv olt short from the trip up here."

The trainer snorted contemptuously. "Go take a run around the track," e invited. "Susanna had the race won, and a thing with three legs and a swinger stole it. Next time I'll put boy up who knows how to spank." A shadow crossed the Kid's lean features, and his shrewd gray eyes "Don't do that, Jim." he advised.

would break her heart. All them Virginia horses are sensitive, and mos of 'em are cuckoo, but I'll tell the cock-eyed world they can win without no whip. Lay off the hat with Susanna, and in a race or two she'll be dancing away from the pay station Whalen waved one hand in dismis-

"She's a good little filly, and the whip

these stalls, of I'll have your badge taken up." The Information Kid laughed softly.

He sauntered off a distance of fifty standing quietly while the stablecrew worked on her delicate legs, "When little Willie does go home." | raised her head and stared listlessly had breathed upon that mysterious

the six-by-eight bedroom he spent dainty head, no challenge in the dis- me blind, if here don't come your an hour doping the next day's card, tended nostrils—nothing but deepair prince!"
and then plunged back into the and anguish written in every line Not a

This time he learned all about the seven suitors of the king's sad mind flashed back to the afternoon his side stalked Haidar Ali Kolhapur, daughter, and the vallant tailor who when Susanna, at fifteen to one cap- Maharaja of Baroda, and Indore, at last won her heart; and when he tured the Lexington Baby Stakes on ruler of seven million people, by his finally turned out the light and went to sleep it was to dream that a

"it's murder, all right," he mut-lightly a gold-headed cane. The In-tered. "That guy Nixon has put the formation Kid slid slowly from his "Guess I need some of old Doc Kel-ly's pills," commented the Kid, when ain't no Virginia horse that can live "Oh, he got up the next morning; "them under the colors of a crook. Yea, who's here! Pipe the medals, Henry! bo—one of these days she'll bust Even money says he's the Banjo King now, who did I shake down last?"

> "Nixon and his trainer just had a fided McIvor. "Bart accused Jim of

> The Kid shook his head gloomily. "No use. I was talking to one of the me Susanna was the poorest feeder e ever saw. I didn't say nothing. but I know that when she's right, she's a manger clutton. One of the

was my right leg." poison to unload. If you're going to board favored his friend with a horses, he'll keep his kale in his out in today keep the price short on curious glance. Experience had pocket." Warfield in the third race-the Hy- taught him that sentiment usually land crowd are shooting and they've interfered with good judgment, and and then whirled back on her got the money placed from here to the latter was his stock in trade. haunches as Jim Whalen stepped to-"While I think of it," added the Kid, that her indisposition was not such would vanish overnight as

THEY sauntered over to the low-I roofed line of stalls where Nixon.

The handsome knight of the black- bal friend knows anything about Susanna sidled away from Nixon.

"The filly is built on fast lines, the fill don't look the fud-es in the nath to -atz. Ah am under instruc-